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UNIVERSALITY OF THE IDEA OF GOD.

Among all the principles seated in the human breast, one has ever been predominant. It has swayed the sceptre over human thought and action, with a power which none have resisted, few disputed. From all time, in all quarters of the globe, it has governed the minds and determined the destinies of men. It is the principle of Worship. The human mind, whether eclipsed in the shadow of ignorance, or enlightened by the sun of knowledge, whether in a feeble or full stage of development, has ever been disappointed in finding a divinity within itself. However proudly man may bear himself among his fellows, however he may make his boast in the vigor of his arm, or the power of his intellect, his heart must quail before the thunder's crash, his spirits sink amid the tempest's rage. And man must confess his insignificance, must adore and dread the great, the awful Deity of Nature.

Different forms of religion have existed, different modes of worship have been adopted, but one great principle pervades them all. Go whither you will, trace back the tide of time to its very source, you stand in the presence of Nature's God, you see his influence on the minds of men. You see it in the old Egyptians, prostrating themselves before their own beneficent and mysterious river; you see it in the star-gazers of Chaldea, as they knelt in reverence before the hosts of heaven. The

worshipper of fire, and the degraded deifier of crocodiles and serpents; the Hindoo mother casting her babe into the Ganges, and the sanguinary Aztec, sacrificing his sixty thousand human victims on the bloody pile of Cholulu; all worship embodiments of the same ideal God, all, with the same implicit faith, do homage to his might and majesty.

Sects may erect their puny barriers, within whose walls they may fall down before an altar erected by superstition, and upheld by bigotry, and from whose pigmy battlements they may launch forth anathemas upon all heretics without; creeds may define their doctrines, and doom all to eternal perdition who do not worship precisely their embodiment of the Deity; but the Almighty himself looks down alike on all his children, pervading, governing and loving all. The rain falls and the sun shines equally on the evil and the good; that God who hold the waters in the hollow of his hand, and balances the sun in space, makes known his presence, and reigns in the heart alike of savage and of saint.

If there be, in the universe of sense without, in the world of thought within, one truth more conclusively established than the rest, that truth is the being of a God. 'Tis written, as with a sun beam, on the face of Nature. The heavens bear the impress of his fingers, and earth the footsteps of his power. The rise and fall of kings and kingdoms, empires and republics, nations and individuals, are but his smiles and his frowns. On *those*, we live; at *these*, we die. Inquiring reason points to a great first cause of all created things; longing aspirations tend to a merciful and benignant Father, and are satisfied with nothing less. Wherever the human race is found this must always be the case. Wherever then is a mind to reason, and a heart to feel, there that mind must have its Creator, and that heart its God. Nor is this idea of the Deity a vague or imperfect one. A knowledge of his attributes and of the general outlines of his character, is inseparable from a knowledge of his existence. The nature of the works reveals the character of the author, and on this one point we read from the vast volume of Nature as clearly and as unmistakeably as we do from the

pages of Revelation itself. We read that he is eternal. Around us and within us, we see but mortality and decay. The leaf falls, the column moulders, man himself mixes his dust with ignobler matter, and the mind that boasted in being the lord of all, is gone—oh! whither? but do we not gather from this that there is one being whom change never reaches? One sole and sublime spectator of the changing scene, himself superior to all change, controlling even change itself? The eternity of God! How vast, how engaging, and yet how painful the thought. A few years since there gleamed athwart our horizon a mighty comet. It is now plunging on through untracked space, far beyond the bounds of the most distant planet. Ages will roll by, and that comet will again flash upon overflowing cities, crowding the shores of the Pacific, and swarming millions clamoring for bread in the great valleys of the West—perhaps upon the blazing fragments of a wrecked and ruined world. Yet with all this mighty and stupendous sweep, it is but the second-hand on the dial of eternity.

These truths teach us a lesson. They teach us to abate our pride and self-congratulation, because we fancy ourselves in sole possession of the knowledge of the true and only God. They teach us to withhold our censure from our ignorant but well-meaning fellow-mortal, who worships that God in equal good faith with ourselves, but in forms repugnant to the truths of a Revelation from which he is debarred. They teach us not to scorn his society, be he Turk, Jew or Pagan, in kneeling around the same altar in the great temple of Nature, and in sending up with him the same universal prayer.

THE POWER OF ERROR.

The history of Error reaches back to man's residence in Paradise. It is recorded in that fearful transgression which brought darkness and wo and death into our world. It is written in the manifold apostacies of that favored race chosen as the repository of revealed truth; in their groves and high places, their blazing Moloch and slaughtered prophets. Put forth the imaginative power, and let by-gone ages pass before the vision of the mind. Behold one descending from glories celestial to re-at-tune to the harmonies of heaven the jar and discords of our nature; hear him after a life-time of wanderings, and sorrows, and benefactions, at the bidding of a frenzied mob proclaimed "guilty of death." Mingle with the Roman multitude, and gaze upon the savage spectacle of a Roman holiday—the lowly followers of that divine one thrown a prey to famished beasts. Then after a partial enlightenment see darkness again brooding over Europe and the East; total, save where the two sackcloth wearing witnesses lifted up their feeble voice, until their complete extirpation in the sixteenth century. Behold the careful exclusion of intellectual and moral truth from the popular mind, the ruthless persecution of those who sought to pierce the surrounding darkness,—of Wycliff, Huss, and kindred spirits, the morning stars of the reformation day. Contemplate the but partial success of Luther and his brother reformers even in the very lands where their light first shone. Nor forget the thousand Martyrs, earth's lowliest yet greatest ones, doomed to racking tortures or a burning death. We are not unaware of the difficulties which the truths of science, both physical and metaphysical, have encountered; how almost impossible it has been to disabuse the mind of antiquated prejudices, and, even in the light of unanswerable demonstration, to engage its belief in simpler and better teachings.

What then must be the might of error, if so faint an outline of its dominion involve so many details—and whence this might! In seeking an answer to the question, however superficial the search, we are not to forget the condition of the soul itself.

Surely, if it hold perfect fellowship with its Maker, truth whose sources are in the depths of the divine nature must be its native atmosphere. To the intellect of an angel, or of Adam unfallen, the absurdities of Brahminism, and the chilling speculations of modern pantheism must be alike abhorrent. The doctrine of man's fall, therefore, so far from being a mere theologic dogma invented to prop an austere Christianity, is absolutely necessary to account for existing phenomena. Its direct and natural effects upon the deathless spirit are not altogether inconceivable. Created and dependent, it suffered the frown of the Almighty's anger, the withdrawal of His favor. More appalling in the resulting darkness and confusion than if the sun should withdraw his light from our earth, and the insensible bands of attraction which confirm the relation of the planetary world to their great centre, and to each other, should be suddenly ruptured. Gradually led away from the source of light, man has in all ages hated pure truth, as exposing his darkness and ignorance; he has despised its simplicity and branded it as folly; he has yielded himself a willing captive to the power of error.

As to the nature of erroneous doctrines, it is noticeable that they are more dangerous in their denials, than in their affirmations, and the teaching of the past confirms the belief that they are of a negative character, a darkness rather than a strange light, partial or distorted truth rather than a separate existence. The heaven of truth contained in them gives them vitality to accomplish their mischievous work. If we will glance at the history of religion, we will find that this description is correct. All the Pagan mythologies seem to have rested on a two-fold basis;—on traditions directly traceable in every case to the day of the creation and deluge; and on the religious consciousness of the nations themselves. The former would become indistinct in the lapse of time; while the latter would ever degenerate according to the known law of man's moral retrogression when left to follow his own paths. So it was. Mankind losing the idea of God as an invisible being, believed that he constantly manifested himself in human form, in the persons of Adam, of Noah, and succeeding heroes and benefactors. Ancient idol-

atry was but a corruption of Noetic patriarchism, as is apparent from its perverted belief in an incarnate deity, in the symbolic cleansing of water, in the divine institution of sacrifice, and especially from a comparison with the Jewish ritual. First arose demonolatry; this was followed by the worship of the heavens; and this sunk into gross materialism. Such were the fundamental principles of Paganism in the general. Various modifications were added, suggested by the mental conditions and felt wants of each community of worshippers. Some cleaved to ancient usages; others multiplied their deities to excess. This multiplicity does not conflict with, but rather strengthens the view of error as negative. Men, unequal to the conception of one Sovereign Ruler and Upholder of the universe, deified each separate attribute, leaving in their stead of a personal God, an utter blank. The manifold errors that have imperilled Christianity since its advent, have consisted for the most part in giving some one feature of a great truth, or some great truth itself, prominence, to the exclusion of others equal in importance. Poetry detracts from the divine and spiritual to exalt the human and material. Nor are these errors stationary. Superstitious Romanism carries in its train atheism, which is nought but collapsed, shrunken superstition; and the scholastic theology, which failed to satisfy the mental thirst of Luther and Zuingli, has been followed in a descending series by Socinianism, Rationalism, and Infidelity. At the present, error, with its characteristic robbery, does away, directly or indirectly, the inspiration of Holy Writ. It seeks to diminish the incomprehensible to our capacity. It would have us forget that whatever pertains to the Infinite must needs transcend mortal ken; that faith is reason's homage to the wisdom of God; and that reason, far from being degraded, is ennobled by the reverence.

The history of Philosophy teaches that the nature of error is still the same, whether in ancient or modern times. Modern Philosophers tell us, contrary to the experience of all ages, that sin is a weakness and no crime, the result of outward circumstances, and not of inward depravity; that its remedy is to be sought in improved social institutions, rather than in a total re-

formation of the inner life. We are bidden to reject the witness of our senses; to believe that every vision which greets the eye, the beauteous landscapes of earth, the unresting ocean bearing an hundred navies to their havens—the mighty firmament brilliant with myriad stars, are but conceptions of the human understanding. This mind of ours that often raves in a mad-house, or wastes in hopeless idiocy, that knows so little of the past and nothing of the future; is declared to be the creator of its own deity, to be itself the God of the universe. Error injures humanity intellectually as well as morally. Having the favor of truth without its spirit, it like truth demands belief, but demands it on inadequate evidence. The yielding intellect is weakened and degraded, and soon becomes a lost wanderer in the mazes of falsehood. If, then, it is evident that the foundation of the great might of error lies in a corrupted human nature, and in the adaptedness of error itself to this nature, as being truth diminished or perverted; its adhesive and extending power, like that of decay in the outer world, and its Protean changefulness need no comment.

To the future we may look with an eye of hopefulness—hopefulness not in the self-advancement of the race, but in its restoration by superhuman might. Martyrs have not shed their blood in vain; nor has their testimony been unheard. Old systems of error are tottering to a fall. Longing minds even in heathendom ask for better tidings than their own darksome fables can give. The bright and blessed destiny of the world must come to pass; for omnipotence hath said it. Centuries may first roll by and generation after generation of men be gathered to their fathers, yet the time will come when a regenerated philosophy and a pure Christianity, united and inseparable, shall burst every band of error and make humanity free indeed.

THE PRINCIPLE OF CHANCE.

To discern what are and what are not the right originals of a certain fact or consequence, is the business of the moral as well as the natural philosopher. As hearts, according to a Chinese fancy, are born in pairs, and when these pairs come together there follows domestic peace, but when they do not, perpetual dissensions; so facts and their true originals, especially in the moral world, are created for each other, and their discord produces confusion; their union, harmony. Let us consider whether a system of *Wagering or Staking* is a true original of property. The subject may be looked at in two aspects; firstly, when the issue wagered upon depend on chance; secondly, when it depends on the skill of the parties engaged.

I. When we say an issue depends on *chance*, it is evident we merely mean that it depends on circumstances, which we do not understand; or is such that we cannot possibly surmise it beforehand. For the falling of a die in a certain way is as much the result of the operation of fixed laws, concerning for instance the weight of ivory, the resistance of the air, the degree of motive power, and the elasticity of the substance on which it falls, as any other event of the world. And did we understand these as well as we do those which regulate the magnifying power of glass, we could as surely predict in what manner a die would fall as we do know how far a certain lens will enable us to see. Hence the argument which is frequently used against appealing to chance that it is "tempting providence," seems fallacious. The expression obviously means *forcing God to intervene and govern a certain issue*. But this is to intimate that He does not already govern every issue and event. Moreover with equal justice might one call it "tempting providence" to shake hands with a friend, for it obliges God to intervene that we do not catch by this act any cutaneous disease. The providence of God is not appealed to any more directly by tossing a piece of ivory in the air, or by drawing a lot from a wheel (unless He especially orders that it should be so,) than by investing money in business, or indeed entering upon any other

project. But there are other arguments against this principle.

The acquisition of property is a great end of life with the most of men. And subordinated to that greater moral end which belongs to every man's being, it is worthy of all commendation. In the present establishment of society, this acquisition follows from the exercise of the personal power and virtue of individuals. Thus this strong and universal desire for the acquisition of property operates as a powerful and prevalent stimulus to intelligence and virtue. The principle of chance by entering in as the source of property, of course destroys this stimulus, and according as we believe the desire for gain to be greater or less in the human mind, must we believe that a greater or less stimulus to industry, intelligence and virtue, has been removed from the community. And this evil is not balanced on the other hand by any good which would arise from the introduction of this principle, but is rather aggravated by much additional harm. The casting of a die, so far from certainly giving the deserving man more, and the undeserving less, is just as likely to give the latter more, and still further wrong the former.

The principle that a die thrown fortuitously upon the table is as likely to show one side up as the other, is as much a certainty as far as we are concerned, as that sharpened steel will cut, or hemp will hang. And the one is not more likely to be suspended in any future time than the other was on the day of St. Bartholomew. So that it is only when we come to be persuaded that industry, intelligence and integrity, are things undesirable to stimulate in society, and that all ideas of desert and undesert should be forgotten, that we can approve of the introduction of the principle of chance as an original of property. But there is no danger of this principle being introduced generally into society in connection with property. The common sense of mankind revolts against it. Only its radically evil nature can be better shown by supposing it prevalent in the community at large, than in any other way;—and the consequent duty of individuals to discourage appealing to it in the smallest affairs where property is involved.

II. The propriety of two individuals staking a certain amount

on an issue which depends on their respective talent and industry, is far more debateable. At first sight it would seem that it was open to one objection, at least that the last was; namely, that though it might encourage intelligence, it would yet remove a powerful stimulus to virtue. But allow that the crime in most cases would stimulate the virtue as well as the intelligence of those engaged; still it is clear that in but five cases out of every ten among those who exercised this intelligence, and virtue would then follow the least reward. This then is the objection to this system; that, should it prevail, but one half even of those who labored hard and faithfully, would get any return for their labor. The property is staked between two; one wins, and one gets the whole. At present by the great natural law of reproduction, the farmer sows little and reaps more—and more too than he can possibly use himself. So he sells to the buyer at a profit, and the buyer to the miller, and the miller to the merchant, and the merchant to the consumer—all at a profit. Thus the surplus product of nature is scattered through all ranks of society, and each man who will labor is supported. But did a system of Wagering become general, the producer would sit down with the buyer—the produce on the one hand and the money or goods on the other, being put up as a stake, and after a trial of some sort between them, the whole property would go to the successful competitor and the other be left destitute. So with the buyer and the miller, the miller and the merchant, the merchant and the consumer; and in the end precisely half the community will have had no advantage from the surplus product. The teacher would sit down with the student, the lawyer with his client, the doctor with his patient, the clergyman with his people—labor on the one hand and money on the other being the stake, and just one half must come out in the end without support. Therefore until it can be proved that under the present constitution of affairs, less than one half generally gain any property by their labor, it will not be well to throw ourselves into this worse state. Thus an argument against a system of Wagering or Staking may be drawn from supposing it generally prevalent in any community, and then considering the evils that must naturally result.

DECLINE OF LITERATURE DURING THE DARK AGES.

History is ever fraught with interest. Every page of its copious volume possesses charms for the inquiring mind. Whether emblazoned with the escutcheon of war, or embellished with the olive-branch of peace—illuminated by rays of intellectual light, or darkened by shadows of mental gloom—beautified by examples of virtue, or sullied by outbursts of passion, it has its attractions, and is replete with instruction. Of this truth, the annals of no period present a more forcible illustration, than those of the *Dark Ages*, of which, the general *decline of literature*, must be regarded as the prominent feature.

Rome, the colossal power, whose iron heel had so long ground the necks of the nations, had fallen. Enriched by conquest, and inflated with pride; she abandoned her ancient simplicity. Degenerate through luxury, and rent by evil faction; she became an easy prey to those who, galled by her yoke of oppression, had long panted for vengeance. The wild hordes of the North, whom she had scourged with the rod of tyranny, gathering strength for one mighty effort for freedom, wrested the emblem of sovereignty from her weakened grasp; and, usurping her high places, in turn, riveted upon her the chains of vassalage.

Literature, of which Rome had for ages been the fountain-head, experienced a shock, from the irruption of these unlettered barbarians, not easily counteracted. Men of letters dispersed—the storehouses of knowledge demolished—the altars of science desecrated, its decline was inevitable.

But the origin of this retrocession, was of earlier date. The causes which tended to the decay of the imperial power of Rome, operated with like effect upon her literature. Opulence and luxury contributed equally to enervate physical energy, and dim the lustre of genius. As the stern and manly features of the ancient Roman character became softened by effeminacy, mental stimuli were gradually removed; the mind, rusting in ignorance, became debased, and literature, its offspring, shared its decline. After the subversion of the empire, Rome could no

longer be esteemed the sanctuary of learning. Her degraded sons soon sank into a state of equal ignorance with their uncultured masters; and the richness and purity of the Latin tongue, exposed to discordant innovations from foreign dialects, soon had an existence only in the scanty relics of the past. The mongrel dialect that succeeded could claim no literature, and Latin, the only written language, was accessible to but few. Thus was the whole treasury of knowledge locked up from the eyes of the people.

From natural causes, the church became the repository of learning, and to the combined influence of the papal supremacy—the monastic institutions—and the use of a Latin Bible and liturgy, is to be referred its prolonged existence. But the church, though its preserver, did nothing at this period to revive it from its languid state. The reading of secular books prohibited, or closely restricted—heathen literature neglected—and physical science deemed irreconcilable with revealed truth—the field of literary research was greatly narrowed. The student, deprived of such sources of information, disheartened by difficulties, and lost in a labyrinth of perplexities, abandoned the labor of profound investigation; relaxed the energies of his mind; and contented himself with superficial attainments, barely sufficient to elevate him above the masses who groped in ignorance around him. Stripped of its charms, literature presented nothing to captivate, or incite to its pursuit. Such was its state at Rome, and among the nations owning her spiritual sway; but found it nowhere an asylum?—no safe retreat from these degenerating influences?—no green spot in the desert, where it might bloom unharmed? Turn we to Greece, upon whose classic shores, the altars of Minerva smoked, and the Muses held their consecrated seats? No glimmering light penetrates the gloom resting upon it. Civil faction has here also wrought its baneful work; literature has fallen its victim, and is shorn of its glory.

Thus ignorance held universal, dark dominion. Literature, deprived of its champions, and with but a handful of humble votaries, found refuge only in deserted corners, amid the rubbish

of antiquity. How could it flourish in such a state? As well might we expect the earth to smile in verdure, when swept by the wintry blast, or the violet to bloom upon the snowy summits of the Alps.

The evil effects of the decline of literature upon society were soon apparent. The benighted nations, bereft of the light of Science, became degraded, and exposed to those grovelling passions against which mental culture is the only safeguard. The monopoly of literature by the church, and the religious awe which she inspired, gave her a mysterious and irresistible power, which in her corrupt state, she did not hesitate to use for purposes unworthy of her sacred character. "In the shadows of universal ignorance, a thousand superstitions, like foul animals of night, were propagated and nourished." The grossest and most palpable absurdities gained general credence. The minds of the people, bewildered by inexplicable wonders, and cajoled by the vilest impostures, lost their accustomed balance. Reason forsook its seat, and blind fanaticism usurped its place. Vice and villainy, in the vesture of authority, and garb of sanctity, stalked abroad, unblushingly demanding reverence. The deluded masses bowed in servile submission; poured out their treasures to pave their way to heaven; and were led blindfold to perdition.

How could the moral and intellectual character of men remain unaffected, when the highest sources of influence were corrupt and debased? How could the floodgates of iniquity be kept down, when the right arm of power was stretched out to let loose the sluices of pollution? Could we look for temperance, integrity, and morality among the people, when inebriety, perjury, and licentiousness were mingled with their very religion? All restraints were gone; all barriers to vice swept away. All the vile passions, harbored in the breast of man, held carnival. The mind had run to waste. Moral and mental chaos reigned, "in double night of darkness," over the earth.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

There is a something which tells us of the past, a rustling amid the bowers of the dale, speaks of Autumn's rise, the hoar frosts of a Winter's gale betoken the exit of some well known face, while upon the mountain crests and along the far-extended plain the leafless branches of the giant oak bid us pause upon the scene. Yes! a something tells us of the future—it is indeed the Lapse of Time. Time, who in her aerial flight has left us to behold her checkered pathway, while she speeds onward to her journey's end. Time, who opens to our view the records of the past and gently whispers to improve their warning voice. While passing through this pilgrim World, what oftener meets our gaze than her ghastly ruins! some amid the World of Nature, some amid the World of Man. Some encompassed by the scenes of childhood, when life had no ruffle and when each day dawned to add new lustre to the star of hope—some amid the scenes of riper years when the heart beat high with worldly thoughts and the golden tints of Fame lured on the soul. She holds in her vocabulary deeds both of honor and disgrace; she waits not to have inscribed the palliation of the crime—her scroll admits of no interpolation; when once the deed is done it remains to posterity either a beacon light to point out the pathway to honor, or a labyrinth from whose dark chambers the soul shall never return. From her we learn lessons to be found no where else; by precept and example she enforces such knowledge, as needs but be known to be appreciated. She holds the balance scale of nations and of men. Give heed to her counsels and you obtain that happy medium which though often sought has seldom been realized; you attain that diadem of wisdom, which studded with the gems that lie scattered along her shore, encircled the brow of those devoted sires who through seas of anguish and despair wrought out for the world a government which rising from its western orb should shed among the nations the light of liberty and individual rights. 'Twas by her counsels that such men as Hamilton, Madison and Jay expressed in glowing language the causes which brought on the downfall of an-

cient Greece and Rome, and which would eventually prove the canker worm of American Liberty were they not crushed in the germ and exposed to view writhing under the deadly thrust of searching intellect. Yes ! it has been, and it will ever be, that those who looking through the Lapse of Time, draw thence those balms which give comfort and rest to the long tossed soul, that they who watching the stealthy progress of the venom as it spreads itself from limb to limb and from artery to artery, at last become masters of its fatality and tread it bleeding and struggling beneath their feet, that they will prove themselves the Protean sires, the benefactors of their race. But from her we not only gather counsel, but hope and consolation. She makes him who has just embarked on the voyage of Life to fancy to himself the bright scenes which lie beyond the present horizon, the beacon light which will soon appear to pilot him on in the stormy pathway, and the blissful haven which waits with outstretched arms to welcome his arrival. She lends a halo of tranquillity to the brow which long tossed with care, now beams in joyful anticipations of the future. In her participation there rests a serenity, a peace whose gladsome influence is but seldom felt and a venerated majesty whose august presence inspires all with solemn adoration. Could we but penetrate the veil, could we but enter the penetralia of her shrine, and seated among the mystic implements with which she is enthroned, gaze into the secrets of her never-failing divination, then would we learn the momentous issues of her calling, the magnitude of our privileges and responsibilities. 'Tis from her we learn man's frailty, the fleeting evanescent character of his hopes, the space of life, and the stern realities of Death. At her tribunal is to be solved the enigma of our lives, its roughness, its darkness, its hopes, its fears, its passions and its sufferings, are all to be made manifest and receive their retributive judgment. To those of us who are so soon to leave these familiar scenes, such thoughts come in solemn and warning accents. Have we done our duty ? Have we made good use of the privileges we enjoyed ? Are we ready to encounter the world with its cold and subtle charities ? Taking courage from what she has taught, let us press on with in-

creased vigor, and as the day star of life twinkles on its western horizon let us remember we have not lived in vain, but that Time will inscribe to our memories deeds worthy of us as citizens and men.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Our Creator with infinite wisdom and goodness, has placed us in a beautiful world. Could we be suspended in the Heavens and behold all nature at one glance, could we see the mountains, vallies, rivers and brooks, we would at once be as struck with the lessons they taught, as the beauty they presented. Our Creator has also presented us with mind—an intelligent power, that comprehends the works of the Great Artificer, to an extent that teaches man to act in all positions, and in every circumstance. Thus we see we live in two worlds. There is an external and an inward world. The inward world resolves the external. The external world prompts. There are voices from the external world—the Voice of Nature, whose sounds all must hear. She speaks unmistakably—her mandates must be obeyed. Whatever may be our station or action in life, we look to great nature to prompt and to teach. We have but to look around us to see God's first, and greatest command, action. If we look to the heavens we see the moon and myriads of stars fulfilling their glorious destiny, and an onward march; if we look at the mighty ocean, action too is there—the never ceasing rolling wave, followed by thousands and tens of thousands in its onward march, tell him action, action alone will ameliorate his condition. If in his action he be impeded—if obstacles present themselves, look again at the heavens—see the sun in its energetic course, riding the clouds, obscured a moment, then bursting through its folds with increased brilliancy by the contrast. Look again to the rolling wave, see it leap the rock with increasing speed and power by the opposition. There it is you should pour forth your energies, there you should exert your every power. Time or

circumstances will not excuse your idleness. Suppose for a moment you are convinced of the fallacy of prevalent opinions, or the certainty of existing evils; should you not proclaim the truth and their fallacy—even though you have no followers to echo back your opinions, or to shout you on in the harangue. Yes, like nature's evergreen, you should stand forth in the winter of adversity, waiting for the truth, the true sun, to bud forth the remaining grove. Thus we see we must ever act, our march must be ever onward. The assistance and harmony of the elements, the changes of seasons for the production of animal and vegetable life, the revolution of innumerable stars and planets around the sun, their glorious harmony and mutual assistance, speak, "help your fellow-man." It tells us our mutual duty, the change of a star's course would confuse, throw into distraction the whole sphere. It tells us share troubles, participate joys; the hurricane blasts alike forests and mountains, the genial sun encourages alike the growth of animals and plants. The voice of nature tells us there is a God. The towering mountain and majestic river alike proclaim him—our conscience of duty. Thus we see action and our duty everywhere presented to our view. It tells us also our sphere of action. It told Cicero, address the people, Virgil, commune with the muses, Caesar follow man. Our most important lesson, the voice of nature every where proclaims; our destiny is everywhere proclaimed, we see it in every object, and what a thought! our greatest concern heralded the most evident of all! We can truly exclaim, a good as well as a wise and great one presides over all things. We look around and we learn we have to die, not by seeing the funeral slowly winding its way around the church-yard, nor in the face of a debilitated friend—but nature has shown us in all her works a gradual decay, she has shown her most powerful as well as humble works, must too soon fall! The falling leaf, the setting sun, the majestic river slowly winding its way to its tomb the ocean, tell him in a few short years he too must leave this world. But it tells him the river increases its greatness from its birth to its tomb, should not he too do it? The sun too rises with increasing splendor, and beams for another, should not man do the same? There is a consistency,

a harmony in Nature too plain to be mistaken—he must die! Man comes into the world like the seasons. Spring ushers in like the young child, summer develops, autumn strips him of his activity, winter blasts. But when autumn comes has not the soil provided for you? When your winter arrives, should not you be ready to leave a full harvest, a rich legacy to your fellow man? Think of all these things. Listen to the voice of nature, let it be your polar star. Educate your mind to more fully comprehend the Great Artificer, to worship and adore him. “Act in the living present,” falter not a moment; one moment’s delay and it is lost, “time once past never may return, the moment that is lost is lost forever!” Thus we see the eloquence of the voice of nature, it speaks to all—all can hear.

Go to the gentle spring mildly oozing from the earth, follow it through all its meanderings, and stoppages—then into the noble river, it gradually increasing like the spring, and finally as it mingles with the sea, you can not only learn your destiny, but you can learn to act all through life. The obstacles it overcame, you can overcome, you can act with the same energy that marked its progression, you can learn your reward from the river, you can be able to bear a country’s commerce, fertilize its banks and carry peace, plenty and happiness through a smiling land.

M.

RUSSIA AND SOUTHERN EUROPE.

Often have the civilized and semi-civilized nations of the world, been overrun and devastated by barbarous hordes pouring in and destroying almost every vestige of advancement. The Saracens under the fanatic generals of the false prophet, the Tartars under Tamerlane, Genghis Khan, and Nadir Shah; the Turks, have all swept over the most fertile and cultivated portions of Asia. But the invasion of the Roman Empire by the Goths, Huns and other savage tribes, coming down from the recesses of

northern Europe, and the plains of central Asia, destroyed a higher civilization than either Persia or India could boast of. Rude and ignorant, accustomed to and thinking only of war, relying on and reverencing only bodily accomplishments, these savage hordes swept over southern Europe like a swarm of locusts. Well might Attila call himself "the scourge of God." The monuments of Roman grandeur, the marks of Roman civilization alike disappeared from before them. To the learning and refinement of the Augustan age, succeeded times when kings and leaders even could not read, and where to be able to write, elevated the fortunate person to the rank of the most learned. The wild Huns and savage Vandals built their watchfires amidst the greatest of Roman works, and handled the most beautiful specimens of ancient art, with the same rudeness that they would their own coarse wooden implements. No wonder that ancient civilization disappeared like frost before the sun. Magnificent statues were shattered by their battle-axes, beautiful paintings were cut by their swords, the ancient manuscripts and libraries supplied fuel for their camp-fires. It is well known that Napoleon, when his troops occupied Rome, made preparations, (never since carried out,) to turn the course of the Tiber, in order to recover the articles of art and value thrown in at the time of the sack of the city by the Goths. Such was the ruin caused by these hordes; and yet out of this chaos, came order and civilization. After centuries of warfare and trouble, well called the dark ages, when every man's hand was against his neighbour; when the most simple knowledge was confined to a small number of priests, and the few relics of antiquity that have come down to us were preserved in their monasteries, oftentimes unknown to themselves, a new era dawned on the world. The invention of printing, the discovery of gunpowder, the voyages of Columbus and Vasco de Gama, and the capture of Constantinople, which at the same time destroyed the last remains of learning in the East, and drove the Grecian scholars to Italy, there to accelerate the revival of letters; all these contributed to the civilization of Europe. The darkness was driven away, light succeeded and steadily increased, until now the sun of civilization blazes broad in the zenith.

But there are many who say that the time is fast approaching when the half-barbarous hordes shall again inundate Europe; when the shout of the wild Cossack shall be heard on the plains of Germany, and his footstep shall echo in the halls of the Tuilleries. And out of the chaos and general destruction a new reorganization of things, a new civilization is to spring. To these, Europe seems to be on the edge of a precipice. As in the days of the last Roman Emperors, trouble and discontent every where prevail; the rulers are unskilled and wicked; luxury and vice have destroyed all strength of body and mind; whilst secure, as were the ancient Huns in their impassable and uninviting deserts, the czar looks on and meditates the time when he shall pour his squadrons over Southern Europe and sweep all civilization into the Atlantic. Some, going still farther, have established, on this yet unaccomplished foundation of Russian invasion, the theory that to all nations it is allotted to arrive at a certain point of civilization, when the reflowing tide of ignorance and barbarism shall again sweep over them, overwhelming them for the time, but from which they shall emerge with a brighter lustre. The argument in support of this theory is, that what is usually called civilization, along with many good, necessarily brings some evil consequences, and that the minds of men, when it has reached a certain point, become so enervated by the luxury and vice attendant on it, that it needs a new infusion of vigorous and fresh barbarism to reinvigorate it and preserve it from destroying all its own beneficial works. This infusion of barbarism however causes a temporary destruction of many good things along with the evil, and only the foundation is left on which to build a new and better civilization. This theory *may* be true, but the time has not yet come for its proof, and if events happen in Europe which may daily be expected, a new element may be discovered which will effect the necessary purgation and reinvigoration without the accompanying barbarism. Nor is it an inevitable thing that Southern Europe is again to be inundated by the outpouring of the northern hordes, though many wise and good men look on its fate as sealed, and turn with anxious eyes to the Western Continent, where as it seems to them is the last and strongest

fortress of liberty and civilization; where it may yet rear its standard and bid defiance to those who would bring back the darkness and the despotism of the feudal ages. Strong and powerful as our own country is, and destined as it may be to lead the vanguard in the march of *true* freedom and civilization, which once obtained can never be taken away; there are yet enough causes among the different nations of Europe, both attackers and attacked, to prevent any such in-breaking of barbarism as happened in the last days of the Roman Empire.

Not to mention the changes in the mode of warfare brought about by the introduction of gunpowder; the great increase of fortresses supported, by which a weaker or even a defeated army may be able to repel a stronger one; there is a great difference between the state of things then and now, though to many it may appear the same.

In the first place, the population of Southern Europe is different from that of the Roman Empire. That of the latter was a compound of many nations combined into one heterogeneous whole; they were united by no tie except that of obeying one government; they were weak and enervated (especially the central ones such as Italy, Greece, &c.) by a long continuance of peace. Accustomed to be defended by mercenary soldiers, they had lost all taste for warfare, and from the bravest had become the most cowardly nations in the world. Stretched over a wide extent, the empire was torn by revolt and civil wars, whilst, taking advantage of these intestine struggles, the barbarians detached province after province. Instead of the invincible phalanxes of Roman citizens, the legions were now composed of a motley assembly of slaves, barbarians, and youths enervated by a long course of luxury and dissipation. Formerly the soldier carried his own baggage; but now it seemed as if a Persian army, with its five camp followers to every fighting man, was on its march, instead of a Roman legion. Besides, these legions, composed as they were, had no interests at stake. *They* were not fighting for their country, their wives, and their children. Frequently soldiers recruited in Gaul and Germany were combating with the Persians in the East, or repelling the light horse-

men of the Libyan desert. Again, this vast empire naturally attracted the jealousy and fear of the yet unconquered nations that surrounded it. Fearful lest they should be the next victims to be offered up on the altar of conquest, they seized every opportunity to weaken it. On all sides it was attacked and harassed by enemies, whilst the government, weak and powerless as it was, was unable to protect its frontiers.

On the other hand, the nations of Europe at the present day, instead of being united under one government, are separated into many; and by this very separation gain great additional strength, just as a bundle of sticks is stronger than a single long one. For however these governments may quarrel among themselves, they all unite and restrain the undue advance of any one, at the expense of another. We know what their combined power is, since it forced France, the greatest military power in the world to succumb, even when directed by the genius of Napoleon. Again, the nations are accustomed to war; from the battle of Waterloo to the present time is the longest rest they have had for centuries. The lower classes are hardened by toil and exposure; the armies of the different states are recruited from these classes, instead of slaves and foreigners. These armies fight in defence of their own home and families; they are not transported to foreign lands in which they have no interest; for though the Englishman or Frenchman may combat on the confines of Poland, they know it is as much in self-defence as if they stood in battle array on the banks of the Rhine or Thames. Besides, the nations of Europe, instead of being attacked in all quarters and called upon to resist several invaders at the same time, are secure on every side except one; and accordingly all their force can be collected at one point, without fear of weakening any other; whilst Russia is obliged to contend single handed against their united strength, instead of being assisted as were the wild hordes of the North formerly, by the nations in the East and South-East, who all united in destroying the decaying fabric of Roman greatness.

There is also a great difference between the ancient Goths, Vandals and Huns, and modern Russia. True they resemble

each other in their physical characteristics, and in being both inferior to the nations to the south of them; but here the resemblance ceases. In considering the inroads of the ancient hordes, we must take into view the causes which urged them on. It was not solely the easiness of the conquest and the great advantages to be gained from it. From the best authorities it seems, that the great increase of population on the high plains of central Asia and Eastern Europe rendered an emigration absolutely imperative. Accordingly a whole nation urged on by some still more powerful one, who had seized on their ancient habitations, marched westward in search of new homes. Thus wave after wave of these tribes poured over Europe, until the tide gradually receded; each wave fell short of its predecessor, till the last one of the Ottoman Turks barely touched the confines of Europe. We know that these swarms were always accompanied by their wives, children and household furniture. They settled down in the different countries which they had conquered, mixed in with the inhabitants, and thereby formed the present nations of Europe. Now Russia, on the contrary far from having any surplus of population is very thinly inhabited. There is room in her immense territory for ten times its present amount. It is a pretty generally received opinion, that it is now occupied by one of the last emigrations from Asia, and that its inhabitants are in much the same state that the ancient hordes were when they first settled in their new territories in Southern Europe. This opinion receives great support from the condition of its inhabitants; the nobles and owners of land being almost all Cossacks, whilst the serfs, mechanics and lower classes, are of an entirely different nation, the two sets not having mixed yet, but being in the same condition as were the Normans and Saxons in England, for some time after the conquest. It is not likely then, that a nation with so much unoccupied space in its own boundaries will emigrate; that one which has just settled in its new habitations will soon leave them. And without this *inpouring* of a nation, it is *impossible* to hold southern Europe in subjection for any length of time. The Czar may march his armies from one end of the continent to the other; his flag may

wave over every town from Gibraltar to Constantinople, but Europe will not be subdued. There is a great difference between a temporary and permanent conquest. We have many examples of the former kind but very few of the latter. Napoleon at the head of the then most powerful monarchy in the world, tried the experiment. He traversed the continent again and again. From Cadiz to Moscow, from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, all Europe trembled before him. But it was not subdued. His very conquests ruined him; they drained his resources, they exhausted his armies; until he could no longer keep possession of his own dominions. So it will be with Russia. It will not be possible for her to keep southern Europe with its immense population in subjection by any army however great. It will melt away, as did Napoleon's, before the continual revolts, combinations and wars to which it will be exposed. Rome was never subdued until nations, not armies, marched against her. The Persians in the East never obtained any permanent conquest from her, though immeasurably stronger than the northern hordes. These latter only maintained themselves, by mixing in with the people, by settling down as a nation in their possessions; not by upholding their power by an army totally different from and unconnected with the inhabitants. In later days the Saracens spread themselves, by uniting all their conquests in the bond of the same religion, and thereby making as it were one nation of them. The English were never able to keep a permanent footing in France, though they several times overran it, because they did not mix in with the people. In the same way will it be with Russia; she will never be able to make more than a temporary conquest because she is not able to mix the two populations. A nation inferior to another in civilization will never be able to subdue it except by commingling with it.

These reasons will in all probability prevent Russia from making any great conquest, at least for the present. What may be her future destiny no one knows. She is now the great power of Europe, the terror of all the different governments, and advancing with gigantic strides. Her present ruler has adopted by far the best course to strengthen his country by endeavoring

to improve its civilization. To what pitch of power she may ascend in this manner, it is impossible to say. With the immense territory, great riches, and advantages of all sorts at her command, Russia *may* yet become the mistress of Europe. The prophecy of Napoleon *may* yet come true, though not within the time fixed by him for its accomplishment. But before Russia is prepared for the great undertaking, Europe will in all probability have become republican. It is true appearances are now against it. Despotism seems to be as firmly rooted as ever; it may be it is better it is so. Notwithstanding all the ranting about freedom and liberty, the nations of Europe are evidently not far enough advanced to govern themselves; and they will now be enabled to prepare themselves so to do, and to learn how to prize true freedom whilst undergoing the hardships of slavery, so that when once free they will not ruin themselves by not appreciating and jealously guarding their liberty.

L.

AND LEADS TO HEAVEN.

"Roll on vain days! full reckless may ye flow
Since time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoyed."

By all the joy,

By all the deep-toned joy, that I have known,

By all the smiles of fortune that are flown,

By all I've loved, and all I can bemoan,

Or ruthless time destroy:

By all that's best

In this bleak world;—the beautiful, the lost;

By all the hopes that young hearts cherish most;

By all the grief their parting too hath cost,

I know I am unblest.

Yet wherefore grieve,

That time should leave us nothing to deplore?

Why weep that those delusive dreams are o'er,

That gladden even to the warm heart's core,

But only to deceive?

Ob, could we stay
Their parting wings, before they all were past,
So fair, so frail, so fleeting and so fast!
Or else that we might follow them at last,
Away—away—away!

Wild wish, and vain!
Is there no spell to check these wild aspirings?
No power to stay the mighty spirit's wings?
Nor ought that peace and holy quiet brings
To the rest heart again?

Believe it not!
Though the last spell that lingers round the heart,
And all of life that pleasure can impart,
In sure gradation one by one depart,
Forgetting and forgot:

Still there is given
One hope that bears us up on life's dull stream;
A polar star, whose pure and constant beam,
Gilds the dark way thro' life's last fitful dream,
And leads—and leads to Heaven.

THE DURABILITY OF THE FEDERAL UNION.

The flame that burned with such terrific grandeur in Europe, and at which man gazed in mute astonishment, his heart palpitating with mingled emotions of hope and fear, has at length been smothered by the cloak of Despotism. The revolutionists and those who secretly hoped for the universal establishment of republicanism, now observe our transactions with peculiar interest and anxious solicitude; for well do they know that this land is the last hope of suffering humanity, of the friends of freedom. If we triumph they will be inspired with new ardor and energy for the holy cause which enlists our cordial sympathy and our zealous support; but if we fall, they will be consigned to a thralldom of eternal woe. Though compelled by the hard decrees of fate to forsake their native land—to bid farewell to those

beloved scenes and bright visions of early childhood, and to sever those ties of friendship and love which bind us with an almost irresistible force to the homes of our youth, yet they are somewhat solaced when they consider that here in our purer sky the aurora of liberty seems to rise with a far surpassing splendor; that here the "God of nature" has prepared with a prodigal hand a safe retreat for the sons of freedom, an asylum for the persecuted of all nations; that here unmolested they can gather the fruit of their own grafting, press "ambrosial nectar" from the grape of their own vineyard, and sit beneath the shade of their own figtree, enjoying the pleasures of domestic happiness afar removed from the turmoils of the bustling world. Here it was that the Pilgrim Fathers rallied around the banner of their God—marched to a bloody victory—were crowned with a triumph worthy their noblest efforts. There is a majestic river rolling its yellow waves through the fertile valley of the sunny south, whose banks are decked with dark forests of gracefully spreading laurels, round leafed myrtles, wild figs and gigantic magnolias, around which luxuriant vines with bells of every hue entwine themselves and "hang in graceful festoons from tree to tree." Innumerable birds of the most rare and brilliant plumage create a glitter amid the verdure of the forests resembling dew-drops on a sunny morn. There inspired they sing "to nature and to nature's God," rejoicing all eyes with the beauties they unfold, and filling all hearts with the sweet richness of their melodies. Farther north, the same land presents a different view; surpassing the southern regions in the grandeur of its dark, gloomy forests of majestic oaks, in the boldness and sublimity of its stupendous mountains and rural scenery; while numerous streams water the whole country on every side. Such is a faint picture of this happy land, which from its formation and geographical position, from its divisions and the wonderful manner in which all of its parts are connected by means of navigable streams, forming a vast chain of inland navigation, which like the veins and arteries of the human body, maintain a continual internal circulation, and convey life and health to its farthest extremities—seems intended by an allwise Creator to

be a foundation upon which a nation should be erected, having the same language, laws and institutions, united by the bands of fraternal love, fellowship and religion, happiness, prosperity and interest. It is true that when we first proclaimed to the startled world the imprescriptible rights of man, the politicians of Europe pretended to foretell our destiny, and they pictured to their too vivid imaginations, that our existence as a nation would be as a meteor, bursting forth in the gloom of a nocturnal tempest, dazzling and bewildering the eye for a moment and then disappearing forever. But the time of our predicted downfall has long since glided by, yet we are a free and prosperous people, and have so far proved to the admiring world that man is capable of self-government. There are some however, who still persist in their former declaration, inferring that since Athens and Rome for a time rode triumphant over the waves of discord, but were finally swallowed by the all-engulfing whirlpool of popular fury, that we shall share a like fate. They ask in what consists the superior stability of our government? We answer. By reading the enormities of their civil wars, we will profit by their example—in the dissemination of knowledge—encouraging the progress of literature—in the establishment of public schools. For learning being generally diffused, our government will rest upon a foundation as firm as the fortress of Gibraltar, which bids defiance to the angry waves, and the attacks of fate-bending man. It seems that these many natural advantages should alone be sufficient to impress every heart with the importance of their preservation, and stamp their seal upon the Union for time and for eternity. Though the dismemberment of this union would be indeed heart-rending, more so than eternal wrangling is to an idolizing mother's heart, yet in the study of man, mysterious, incomprehensible man, there will be found those who can look upon the anguish of a mother without remorse, yea even with scorn—resist the eloquence of her pleading tears, and calmly behold her of a broken heart go down in sorrow to the grave. She deserved not that her old age should thus be rendered desolate by him who had drawn his life's blood from her bosom. So it is with regard to our mother land. There are those who

would curse her for her blessings—turn her joyous smiles into tears of woe for the sake of notoriety, an ambition the more unworthy as sacrificing so much for the possession of its object—baser than that which urged the vile incendiary of Ephesus to destroy the proudest relic of antiquity, irreparable to the literary world—thus leaving a name which will be despised by future generations. Who would desire to hand down to posterity a name thus stained? Though fanaticism often induces men to become boasters and threaten much, yet when these threats are directly opposed to their interest, they are never performed. It has been asserted by an author of much weight, with considerable truth and force, that the present age is characterized by the pursuit and love of gain—that man undertakes nothing that will not afford a sufficient recompense in dollars and cents. But the inhabitants of a country are never enriched during civil commotions, on the contrary they are always impoverished. The separation of the northern and southern states, even if peaceably affected, would not be advantageous to either, because the former is almost entirely a manufacturing district, depending upon the products of the latter, which is strictly an agricultural one, and the latter depends upon the former for a greater part of its manufactured goods. Their products are so entirely different that one supplies the other with many articles indispensable to luxury and comfort. Now while they remain united, these articles are carried to and fro, the cities of each exempt from duty; if separated, if it did not put an end to commercial relations altogether, at least duties would be imposed upon them. *Pride* is said to be one of the principal guides of action, but where is the wretch that could bear to be pointed out as the subverter of a government whose constitution secured but too perfectly the happiness of its constituents? where is the American that would not let fall his eye upon the ground in sad dejection and deep humiliation to hear this said of his countrymen—fanaticism prevailed in their councils—base ambition triumphed over their judgments—they sacrificed not only their happiness and interests, but also the last hope of man for self-government, to sectional intolerance? Though there may be

comparatively a few discontented spirits in favor of revolution, yet the mass of mankind are inclined to pursue the peaceful relations of life. They prefer the peace and quiet of their rustic homes, to the din of battle. Though they may be excited by political demagogues proclaiming supposed wrongs and seemingly vital principles, yet such feelings vanish before the splendor of *Reason*, like wintry snows before a blazing sun, and by nature there is engrafted in the breast of man a deep love of country, and an inclination to secure his individual interest and happiness; so all that is necessary to be done is to hold up the mirror of the enormities attending civil war to the gaze of the multitude, that seeing the iniquity it produces, the misery it engenders, they may unite for the preservation of the constitution inviolate. And again, a government having its constitution based upon principles of liberality, equity and morality, whose most brilliant stars are virtue, liberty, equality and philanthropy—is as durable as the pyramids of Ægypt, each tier of stone forming a sure foundation to the succeeding one. Agitation may hover around our heads—the sea of discontent may burst its frantic and foaming billows against the ship of state—popular fury may for a time darken the serenity of our political horizon and its storm of words may rage with terrific fury, but the following calm will reveal the gallant ship in which our hopes are embarked, proudly sailing to her destined port, with our own bright banner, having “don’t give up the ship,” richly emblazoned upon its folds—borne with increased majesty on the breeze.

C. T. J.

HOPES UNREALIZED.

Ever before the imagination of man there is a star, which rises with the action of his contemplative faculties, which allures his fancy, which he always follows, but never reaches. It recedes as he advances, and sets in the ocean of disappointment.

Constantly springing into view, as often disappearing, it hurries him step by step, over the rugged path of life. Thus generation after generation rolls by, some hastily, others more slowly, but all eventually reach the same point, the verge of the grave. Whence looking back, and glancing over the journey just ended, how many false but irretraceable steps, recur to man's distracted mind! Then, but too late, is it most deeply impressed upon his imagination, that "paths of glory lead but to the grave." Hope, differing from expectation, is congenial with ambition alone. The one is led to extravagance, whilst the other partakes in some measure of reason.

Intent upon the unattainable point of perfection, man, in the delusion of fancy, clambers the craggy mountain of ambition. But, as the Roman hero hurled the enemies of his country from the walls of its sacred temple, so when man reaches "the liminary line" of his journey, old, feeble and exhausted, the executioner of an all wise God cuts the strand of life and hurls him into the abyss of eternity below. Without the experience of hope, what would be the past history of the world? What would be the present state of literature, science and morality? What would be the state of society in the present century? It would be congenial with the antedeluvian age of ignorance and vice. Without the experience of hope, man, ignorant of the blessings of Liberty, would now be dragging out an existence of ignominious servitude, subjected to every form of tyranny and oppression. Hope may be a blessing to mankind in general, but it has been the ruin of individuals. Recorded upon the most interesting pages of history is the downfall of a man, who by his unconquerable energy and military genius, won the admiration of the then civilized world. Napoleon Bonaparte attempted the realization of a hope, which it would have required superhuman efforts to attain. Having fought against the combined forces of Europe he was compelled to surrender himself a prisoner of war to his unmerciful enemies, and finally died, an exile and a slave, on a distant and barren rock. There is now in our midst, one who in the pursuit of a bright and daring hope, fell a martyr to the holy cause of liberty. In silence and in the cloister, Kossuth fashioned to the eye of his imagination, the glorious idea of a

free, unfettered Hungary. Inspired by his own enthusiastic temper to believe the beautiful fiction that *hope* was *expectation*, he fought manfully and long. But might prevailed over right, the black cloud of his enemies, like the poisoned cloak of a Medea, surrounded and consumed his patriotic band. Now, a monument of disappointment, a living record of "hope unrealized," the embodiment of patriotism and devotion, he seeks the great asylum of nations. Then, it was a great hope; like the illusive marsh flame, seen by the nocturnal traveller, it beckoned him on, only to plunge him into long and bitter affliction.

Groaning under the yoke of Spanish oppression, and burdened with death bringing evil, Cuba longed to heal herself at the *Bethesda of Liberty*. But the hands, that would have borne her to her wished for restoration were too feeble and too few. Though the star of man's hope may sink in the ocean of disappointment, he is yet great according to the brightness of that star,—the greatness of that hope.—Tossed among the icebergs of the Arctic, the plaything of winds hoarse as the hinges of Tartarus, and bitter as ingratitude, there floats the wreck of a once gallant vessel; the forms of its crew, frozen to marble lie stiff and rigid along its deck. And among them, indistinguishable from the rest, save perchance by the intenser expression of courage which curls the livid lips, lies the noble knight its master. Great was his hope and great was his disappointment. Heavy was his stake, and heavy his loss when the die came blank. He dared much for the great world, and much will she honor him! History will enroll among its boldest mariners and noblest men, *the name of John Franklin*.

THE SCHOLAR'S LOVE SONG.

As the Love-Mother sprung
From the foam of the ocean,
So my passion is wrung
From a bosom's commotion.

As the God of the lyre
Was the Master of healing,
So thy tongue's witching fire
Lulls the fountains of feeling.

By the Phaëthon's heart,—
By the goblet of Hebe,—
From my soul's inner part,
I adore thee—my Phebe!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

From a perusal of the sentiments of previous Editors, as expressed in this department of our Magazine, it appears as if they were nearly all unanimous in voting Editor's tables in general, and the Editor's table of the Nassau Monthly in particular, a bore and a humbug. Now in this opinion we fully concur, with this amendment, however, that it is a bore only to the Editor, and a humbug only to the Reader. For the truth of the former assertion we appeal to experience. Is it not the case, that as soon as you put a late Monthly (the present one, we, fear, will be called *very late*,) into a subscriber's hands, the very first page he turns to is the first page of the Editor's table? There is a mechanical, involuntary wandering of the fingers in that direction, which proves that the Editor's table is uppermost in the mind, that it is the grand source whence edification, entertainment and instruction are expected to be derived, that it is in fact the ideal embodiment of a Magazine, the devoured of all devourers. This fact is proof conclusive that the Reader does not expect to be bored. But this by no means implies that he is not most egregiously humbugged. Neither are we at all certain that he is much worse off for it either. "On the contrary, quite the reverse." All experience shows us that man delights in being humbugged. For instance, people receive the most intense gratification from seeing a juggler eat fire, although that most interesting performance must cause serious inconvenience to the digestive apparatus of the performer. Perhaps you will not believe it, but this is precisely the relation between ourselves and you, dear Reader. We stand behind the scenes, wearing out our mental machinery in grinding and rolling and hammering and working up the raw material, (of which the supply is often lamentably deficient,) into the manufactured, marketable article, which we lay before you in the shape of cutes, puns, bon-mots, and humorous, sarcastic and funny sayings in general. Herein consists the bore, which you will perceive lies

wholly on our part. Now we will explain to you how you are innocently and pleasantly humbugged. In the first place, you are apt to believe that the aforesaid cutes, puns, &c. must be good because they are in print, and hence you persuade yourself into the comforting delusion that you owe us (at least) one. (Some of you, we regret to say, owe us *two*.) In the next place, you presume that no one could be elected Editor, unless he was a pretty cute chap; you then conclude that no Editor would write anything unless there was something in it, and hence you believe, even though you don't see the point, that the joke must be good and worthy of all admiration. And thus you very good-naturedly attribute your want of appreciation to your own deficiency, and turn from the perusal of the Editor's table, a happier if not a wiser man.

For our own part, we owe our Readers, or at least a large portion of them, an apology for not endeavoring to offer them the usual quantity of cutes, which we cannot deny they have a perfect right to expect from us. Our modesty must be our excuse. We remember one occasion on which in our private capacity we ventured to get off something like a pun. We remember the emotions of hope, of ambition, and of pride, which swelled our heart, as we eagerly revolved the bantling in our mind; and we remember too the reaction after the deed was done, the shame and confusion, the agony of remorse which overwhelmed us. If this was our bitter experience, after such a comparatively trivial crime, what would our feelings be, should we concoct not one, but several puns, and not only that, but write them out on paper, put them in italics, send them to the printer, and actually go to work to revise and correct them? For our former sin we might plead as an excuse that it was committed on the spur of the moment, in the ardor of passion and the heat of excitement. But what could palliate the enormity of the offence, after the imagination had cooled, and conscience had had time to resume her sway? It would be an aggravated case of "malice aforethought," and a verdict of "murder in the first degree" (of the King's English) would be no more than just.

It is our serious opinion that this eager thirst for puns, this craving after cutes, has reached an alarming crisis among our venerable shades. And we regret to say, that the Editorial department of our Magazine has too often descended from its dignity to cater to this vitiated taste of some of its patrons. Like a licentious stage and a corrupt public, the one panders to the other, so that the influence is mutual, and the reaction becomes intense.

Some love-lorn maiden, availing herself of the time-honored privileges of Leap-year, has made a desperate appeal to the sympathies of one of our College swains, in some half-dozen touching stanzas. As the ruffian's heart did not appear to be in the least affected, the damsel threw herself under our protection, and ready as we always are to espouse the cause of beauty and innocence in distress, we could not but give her the best of our advice

and consolation. Our opinion was that the best way to revenge herself upon the cruel one who had so disturbed her peace of mind, and crush him to the earth with shame and confusion, would be to make known her wrongs and grievances to the public. After a hard struggle with her modesty and reluctance, we at last obtained her consent to our proposal, and with it the identical copy of verses which she sent, and which the hard-hearted monster had so cruelly returned. She however, insisted upon our substituting a fictitious name, thus showing a permanency of affection, some lingering rays of love finding their way even through thick clouds of indifference and neglect, which are so characteristic of the female heart.

The first stanza gives us at once an index to the fair one's character—all candor, frankness and sincerity—no coquetry or affectation about her:

"Ah! Willie, my dear, you're too severe
Upon a poor maiden's heart,
But I'll not conceal the pain that I feel
From cruel Cupid's dart."

The comparison of the "bricks," in the following, we think superb:

"In my heart it sticks, like a thousand bricks,
Till I swear it's beginning to rust,
So quickly fly, before I shall die,
Or I vow I may verily bust."

And in case the apprehension of a calamity so dreadful might not have its effect, she appeals to his appetites in a way, one would think, not to be resisted:

"Or if you will, come coo and bill,
And with me spend your life;
I tell you what, we'll make things squat,
For I'll make you a famous wife."

We have the authority of the lady herself for stating that no pun is intended in the first line.

"Oh you shall devour, from hour to hour,
Whatever your appetite wishes;
Dozens of fries, all manner of pies,
And all sorts of high-fanute dishes.

"And above all, whenever you call
You shall have ales by the score,
You may get tight, and kick up a fight,
And I swear I'll not vote you a bore."

Accommodating, that, certainly. Young man we fear you will never have such an offer again. But the next verse gives us a slight suspicion as to who the lucky individual may be. We respectfully submit the question to the commentators, whether or not it is the man who goes early to concerts and always occupies the front bench—

"And you shall be free all shows for to see,
No matter when or where,
From monkey sights, to northern lights,

My Will he shall always be there."

The metre hobbles somewhat in the following verse, but we suppose it is because her feelings get the better of her powers of expression:

"And now I ask, that if you bask,
As I in love's delicious rays,
Come to these arms, no further alarms
Shall mar the joy of our days."

The whole winds up with a specimen of impressive warning, and deep pathos unparalleled in the annals of the amatory Muse.

"'Tis my desire, should I expire
From too great a love for you,
That ashes each day, you'll throw where I lay,
To show the result of a love so true."

Oh no Miss. We hope you will soon forget your ill-starred attachment, and live a long and happy life. At any rate, we do not exactly understand the propriety of your requiring such a substance as ashes to be shovelled on the untimely grave, into which you seem to expect so confidently, and so soon to drop. It may, however, do very well, if you mean it to be emblematical of the effect the flames of love have produced on your heart. Or perhaps, the way the wind blows and scatters the ashes about, may serve to typify the manner in which your feelings have been sported with. We sincerely hope, though, that the publication of the above verses may have the effect of causing the unfeeling brute alluded to, to hang himself. It would be an act of charity for any merciful person seeing the condition to which he must be reduced, to put him out of his misery.

An uninitiated observer walking through the campus any day for the last two or three weeks, would suspect that some extraordinary pantomime was being performed, or else that preparations were being made for a general row. Groups of fellows are to be seen, some squaring off in the most approved style, going through the rehearsal of a sparring match, and exhibiting by a series of impressive gestures how the blow was struck, and what effect it produced. Neither must you be surprised, while walking quietly along, however dignified your situation, to see some audacious Freshman stand directly in your way, take his position, and commence putting in imaginary counters, and making imaginary parries, till you are forced to cry "hold, enough!" We do think that the Faculty ought to prohibit all boxing-masters from staying in Princeton longer than twenty-five minutes, if they do not want to see the Sophomores and Freshmen become incurable monomaniacs.

All subscribers who have not yet paid up, will save us a vast amount of trouble by sending their favors through the post-office, P. P. For an apology for the lateness of the appearance of this number, we refer Readers to the last "Monthly."

THE EDITOR.